

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Life-Work of a Navy.  
By IMES MACDONALD.  
(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

AFTER seven years everything looked strange to Wilkinson. Spaces were smaller, distances seemed shorter. The town had changed but little—and Dan Wilkinson had changed a great deal. Perhaps that is why his home-coming was somewhat of a disappointment. He strolled down Main street, turned west on the hill to the old home where his welcome was a royal one. But still it all seemed strange and unlike what he had expected.

He had some home neither famous nor rich—neither a failure nor poor, but entirely conscious of the success that was beginning to be his although quite unconscious of the fact that had come to him had improved him vastly. His aunt could hardly believe her eyes. He was so many, and yet so—so gentle that she wanted to hug him when ever he came near. Such a frank, twinkling boy-man, that he seemed almost like her own—the son she might have had.

Adroitly, that first evening he drew from her the history of all the old friends, asking about this one and that. But the question which he most desired to ask kept dodging his tongue until there was no one else left to inquire about.

"And what about Nancy Lane? I suppose she's married, too," he suggested, rummaging absently through a stack of old music.

"That she isn't," said his aunt, spiritedly. "She's at the head of the new library, if you please, and a grand success she's making of it. Seems to have been born for it, and says she's going to make it her life's work."

And late that night Dave Wilkinson lit his pipe and strolled out and along the once familiar streets. Finally he turned a well remembered corner. There it was, her home, the fourth house down. He remembered well the last time he had stood on those steps and said good night, which had also been goodbye. That night they sat together on the piano bench in the front room, singing and playing over the songs of the day. She was twenty then, and he was twenty-three. Ever since he had carried about with him the troubled glance that had come to her grave, gray eyes when he had told her that he loved her.

"Why is it," she had said, "that because of this thing called 'love' I must love all my friends? I don't want to marry anyone—and I don't want to lose them all. And you will do just as the rest have done, either go away and never come near me again, or else pester me until I have to send you away. What am I to do?" There was a youthful bitterness in her young voice that touched him, and later, on the steps he had taken her two cool hands in his.

"I'll not pester you, Nan, dear, nor shall I go away to stay, for some day I'll be coming back to you." And a week later he had gone West.

So tonight he stood there in the shadow of a great tree and smiled as he looked at the front of the darkened house from across the street. He didn't marry, and he wondered why? Because of her life's work, perhaps.

Just after five the next afternoon Nancy left the library and hastened home. On the way she met Emily Marsden, who laughed a greeting.

"And have you heard the latest, Nan?" asked Emily.

"What do you mean by the latest?" Dan Wilkinson's home on a visit."

"Really?"

"Yes, and Dora Worthington and I are going to have the old crowd over at her home tomorrow night. We wanted it next week, but Dan told me over the 'phone that he was not sure he would be here next week, so we decided to have it right away. Of course you'll come—"

When she reached home her mother called from the dining room where she was setting the table.

"Oh, Nanny! Guess who just phoned—Dan Wilkinson! I asked him over to supper but he wouldn't come. Said his manners were so terrible from living on a ranch that his aunt wouldn't let him eat out. Ridiculous boy! Just the same as ever, always jelling somebody. Said he'd come over after supper for a little while."

"That'll be nice," said Nancy, going up stairs, where she changed into a cool, soft dress and rearranged her hair. Finally she sat down before her mirror and studied her face for a moment.

"I wonder if he remembers," she murmured.

She wondered the same thing after supper when he had held her hands in his and looked down into her surprised eyes. He was changed—so brown and strong, with that atmosphere about him which gave one the impression that he would reach out and take love or anything else that he wished, without asking. For a moment she thought he was going to kiss her—and when he didn't she was almost disappointed.

They played and sang the old songs, and they sat on the porch and talked till late. Try as she would, she could not turn the conversation from the subject of herself and her work. He quizzed her persistently about the library and the nature of her work there. That seemed to be the thing uppermost in his mind. And for the first time in her life she found the subject wearisome. Her "Life Work" she had acquired the habit of calling it. It had been so fascinating, so suited to her temperament, and she had succeeded in no small measure. But he seemed obsessed with the idea that she cared for nothing else, and as the evening wore on he grew more thoughtful, more grave—and when he was gone she had the feeling in her heart of having missed something.

The next evening he came early without telephoning, and when she came down he arose and looked at her eagerly.

## WARTIME LINE STRAIGHT, SLIM



By BETTY BROWN.

To prove her good intentions and scorn of profiting from the world wool shortage Dame Fashion orders her devotees to hew to the straight line, let the hips fall where they may. Not one softening of fullness, not a pleating, nor a ripple may break the severity of the sheer up and downness of the fashionable silhouette. This model from Fashion Art is of blue tricot with Eton jacket and fitted vest of white flannel. Sometimes the skirts are slit a bit to make walking more convenient to the wearer. In such case the slit is covered by a flying panel, or filled in with small pleatings of contrasting material.

"Emily said I was to be your beau for the party tonight," he smiled. And then suddenly, relentlessly he drew her into his arms with a fierce earnestness. "You may have your life's work," he said, looking deep into her scared, gray eyes, and holding her to his heart, "but I'm going to have my kiss this once if you hate me forever afterward!"

And then after what seemed to be an eternity, he released her gently, and after a half hour of troubled silence they descended the steps and started for the party at Dora Worthington's. It was a jolly crowd, and Dan Wilkinson was, of course, the center of all the movement as he played and sang his rollicking songs, for he was the prodigal returned to them again.

So it was late when the party broke up and the chattered couples straggled homeward through the slanting shadows of the low full moon. Dan held Nancy's unprotesting hand with her arm tucked under his own, and for the most part they were silent until they reached the house, where he halted at the steps.

"A long time ago, Nancy, I promised I'd come back to you, old town and you. The old town seems different to me, and changed somehow, but you haven't changed at all. There's nothing to keep me here, nothing could keep me here, in fact, for my place lies out there in the West—and so I'm going back tomorrow."

"But you've been here such a little time, Dan," she protested.

"Long enough," he smiled wistfully. "To have kept my promise. But you have your life's work, I can see that—and I have mine, out in the wide spaces. There are no libraries at the ranch, Nancy. Nothing but great valleys, and blue hazed mountains, and miles and miles of sunlight on the hills. Once I thought that some time there would be love there, too, but I was mistaken. Good-bye, Nan. He turned to go, but as he reached the sidewalk she rushed toward him.

"Dan—Dan! Don't go like that! I guess I—I was wrong about my life's work, Dan." Her eager hands were on his shoulders. "It seems that it is going to be miles and miles—of sunlight on the hills—and love, Dan."

And the next day the assistant

## U. S. Tested Food Recipes

By MISS BLANCHE E. PRICE  
County Home Demonstration Agent.

West Virginia Liberty Bread—1 loaf.  
(With uncooked cornmeal)—  
1 c. water or milk (scant)  
1 T. sugar substitute  
1 T. fat  
1 t. salt  
2-3 c. cornmeal  
1/2 c. liquid yeast or  
1/2 cake compressed yeast dissolved  
in 1 T. warm water, taken from the 1 c.  
2-3 to 3 c. flour.

Method:—(1) Make a sponge of all of the ingredients except the cornmeal and half of the flour. The sponge should be allowed to stand until light; then sift in the rest of the flour and the cornmeal which has not been cooked. Knead about 10 minutes and proceed as in method 1. This process, with this quantity of yeast takes about 4 hours.

Abbreviations:—T—tablespoon; t—teaspoon; c—cup.

Librarian received the shock of her young life. She was promoted, for the librarian had resigned.

## LOYALTY MENUS

Who would long for meat and bread when offered fresh spinach, piquant rhubarb sauce, crisp radishes and lettuce? It is our patriotic duty to put in a large war garden for the production of our own vegetables, and if we are unfortunate city dwellers without a foot of earth to bless us, it is still more our duty to encourage vegetable production by liberal purchase of "green things" in the markets.

Here are April menus for one week properly breadless as often as possible, and almost uniformly wheatless.

### SUNDAY

Breakfast—Fresh rhubarb sauce, boiled rice with milk and sugar, barley biscuits, money, coffee. (Wheatless.)

Dinner—Roast leg of mutton, brown potatoes, boiled spinach with eggs, cabbage and tomato jelly with mayonnaise, date pudding, coffee. (Breadless.)

Supper—Rice and salmon croquette, tomato sauce, oatmeal cookies, cocoa. (Breadless.)

### MONDAY

Breakfast—Stewed apricots, oatmeal with milk and sugar, scrambled eggs, coffee. (Breadless.)

Lunch—Pittsburg potatoes (cheese and pimientos), stewed prunes stuffed with nuts, corn wafers, tea. (Breadless.)

Dinner—Cold sliced mutton with hot brown gravy, baked potatoes, head lettuce with French dressing, corn muffins, butter, sirup, coffee. (Wheatless.)

### TUESDAY

Breakfast—Canned berries, cornmeal mush and milk, creamed codfish, boiled potatoes, coffee. (Breadless.)

Lunch—Cream of pea soup, corn wafers, banana, peanut salad with mayonnaise, cocoa. (Wheatless.)

Dinner—Fresh fish fried in vegetable fat and cornmeal, creamed potatoes, celery, apple and nut salad, rye muffins, hot maple sirup, coffee. (Wheatless.)

### WEDNESDAY

Breakfast—Baked apples, fried cornmeal mush with sirup, cocoa. (Breadless.)

Lunch—Egg corn bread, cottage cheese, canned peaches, tea. (Wheatless.)

Dinner—Baked beef heart with sage and onion stuffing, creamed cauliflower, mint jelly, mayonnaise dressing, chocolate tapioca, honey cookies, tea. (Breadless.)

### THURSDAY

Breakfast—Sliced bananas with milk and sugar, rice, waffles, sirup, cocoa. (Breadless.)

Lunch—Eggs in potato nests, nuts and raisins, tea. (Breadless.)

Dinner—Celery soup, beef stew with carrots, onions and potatoes, fruit salad, barley gems, coffee. (Wheatless.)

### FRIDAY

Breakfast—Stewed prunes, hominy grits with milk and sugar, poached eggs on rye toast, coffee. (Wheatless.)

Lunch—Corn pudding, pineapple cheese salad, oatmeal wafers, tea. (Wheatless.)

Dinner—Bean soup, escalloped onion, baked potatoes, fresh asparagus, canned fruit, coffee. (Breadless.)

### SATURDAY

Breakfast—Oatmeal cooked with dates, milk, creamed chipped beef, boiled potatoes, coffee. (Wheatless.)

Lunch—Egg corn pone, canned fruit, tapioca pudding. (Wheatless.)

Dinner—Baked pork and beans,

## THIS IS NEW SILK JACKET



By BETTY BROWN.

War may have demanded our wool supply and so fairly shown us of the delights and comfort of sweaters, save silk ones for ornament only—but who shall regret the sweater's passing when its successor is the short silk coat like this?

There is much of the kimono in its loose fit, its corded facing, its sash, and its long, loose sleeves. Yet the bits of embroidery on sash and sleeve betoken it a coat for sports wear with its insignia of the yachtsman. The jacket is developed in rough woven silk of peacock blue, embroidered in gold colored silk. It is worn with a pleated skirt of white serge and was designed by Marguerite, of Chicago, for Marilyn Miller, a charming young actress.

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## Lady Tellers Had Charge of Election

Lady tellers, Mrs. O. A. Wood and Miss Clara Leaman, counted the vote at the election of officers of Grace English Lutheran church, which held its annual meeting yesterday after the morning service. Those present were: Elders, Prof. George H. Colebank and O. A. Wood, deacons, Dr. John M. Trach and C. H. Bloom. Next Sunday morning the newly elected officers will be installed by the pastor, Rev. H. O. Reynolds.

Flags have been carried in warfare since the earliest times. Each com-

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**VICKS VAPORUB**  
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**BIG G**  
THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO., CINCINNATI, O.

Guaranteed 10 Years.  
**GOLD CROWN \$5.00**

pany of the ancient armies of the Egyptians had its own standard, and the task of bearing it in battle was esteemed a high honor. Flags as we know them did not come into use until the middle ages.



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## REMEMBER

that when in need of Dental service, the Union Dentists are ready to give you the benefits of all the late improvements at a nominal cost to you. Plates \$8, guaranteed 10 years. Remember, gold crowns and bridgework can be had for only \$5 a tooth, and guaranteed 10 years. Teeth extracted 25c.

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Office over McCrory's 5 and 10c Store  
Opposite Court House  
Bell Phone 921 J.

Williams' Jubilee Singers at the First M. E. church Wednesday evening, April 24, at 8:15. Tickets at Crane's Drug Store.—Adv.

## CASTORIA

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In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears  
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

## MRS. DOOLEY'S ADVICE TO WORKING GIRLS

Milwaukee, Wis.—"I wish all girls who work and suffer from functional disorders would profit by my advice and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I was married, when I came home from work at night, I would be just worn out with pains which dragged me down. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me feel like a new woman. I can work from morning until night and it does not bother me, and I wish all girls who suffer as I did would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. H. DOOLEY, 1135 26th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Working girls everywhere should profit by Mrs. Dooley's experience, and instead of dragging along from day to day with life a burden, give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. It has overcome just such conditions for thousands of others, and why not for you? For special advice, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(AND THAT'S ABOUT ALL HE HAS TO CHANGE.)—BY ALLMAN.

